

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH POST CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED HILLMAN

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains, while efforts are being made to build up the country. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. The travelers find that Anthony has been killed. Vincent with letter of introduction to Gov. Stanford is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad, being built. He hears of safe arrival of Stella Anthony in a letter from her. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on road and receives token of esteem from Stella, embodied in a nut lunch and forget-me-not. "Uncle Billy" arrives in railroad town, meeting Stella. He hears news that desired railroad bill has passed. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep faithfully watch over the young woman. Stella receives "Uncle Billy" with kisses for her brought her a new hat. She is engaged as a governess for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel landlady. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad and learns their secrets.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Sally B. saw his disappointment, and came quickly to his rescue. "Go with my Viola here; she'll show you. You can make the house across the gulch in 15 minutes. Mr. Sacket was killed by a blast the other day, you know, an' Stella's ben with the wider sense. But will stay with her, an' you'll Stella can talk a heap in a half-hour. Walk this way, an' slow; an' ye'll still have a quarter-hour for yer dinner fore the stage leaves. Billy Dodge pulls out to-day; he'll give ye an extra minute or two."

Alfred flushed at Sally B.'s loud plans. He had found instant favor in her eyes. His obvious superiority to the men that swarmed, unwelcome, about Stella at every opportunity, decided Sally B. to aid him with Stella. The sooner they settled things the better it would be for her. But she had no conception of the complexities of Alfred's nature and rearing. She could not have comprehended, had he explained it, his sentiment for Stella, did not dream of the cause of his flush of annoyance as he left her—an annoyance that lasted and made him a silent companion in the quick walk.

Viola, glancing shyly at his angry eyes, registered against him a conclusion he might have needed to reckon with had not the vision of Stella in the doorway banished gloom and evoked a smile that the child was quite old enough to read and glory in. Breathless, Viola explained her coming with such bald candor that Stella went forth dumb with embarrassment. She had lived hard the past few weeks; Alfred realized it at once. But now she was tongue-tied. The constraint born of separation was upon her. Intuition read to her a little of the record of Alfred's experiences; of his different and engrossing cares. Also, the impact of lives and experiences surrounding her had created an incomprehensible atmosphere through which she saw Alfred as through a veil, a different Alfred.

He felt her diffidence and construed it as kind indifference. She did not love him; she wished him to recognize the absurd situation Viola had thrust upon them, yet she was too gentle to hurt him with speech. And thus the feet minutes waned while these two dumbly sought each other, like lovers at a bal masque, clasping hands yet sundered by a domino.

They came down the path to town and mounted the high, uneven sidewalk. Uncle Billy had just dashed up to the express office, the curvetting six still showing off proudly to the admiring bystanders. Gideon was in the barroom doorway, his glowering eyes fixed on the approaching pair. Alfred discerned the hate in Gideon's surly greeting, saw the loutish leers and nudges of the loungers, Stella's burning cheeks; he even mistook the satisfaction in Uncle Billy's hearty urging.

"Get outside of yo' dinner at a two-forty gait, Vincent. The Overland can't wait, and Uncle Billy can't miss yo' company. Sabe?"

At the dining room door Stella paused and held out her hand. "No; it's not good-bye," Alfred said, though he took her hand. "I shall stay over, shall see you to-night—and—"

"Hello, Vincent! You're the very man I wanted to see. Had your dinner?" Superintendent Crocker breezed out of the dining room, his eyes giving sincere admiration to Stella, his voice a hearty welcome to Alfred.

"No, sir," Alfred answered hesitatingly. "I—"

"Eat quick, then. Billy Dodge don't wait for passengers, important or otherwise. The greatest luck this. I expected a dull trip over—always excepting the driver." He waved a smiling apology to Uncle Billy and climbed to the seat beside him.

Alfred felt his body grow leaden; and he started Stella with his strained voice.

"Very well, Mr. Crocker; I'll be with you in a minute."

He turned to Stella. There was something in her ungarded face that set his every nerve atingle; that elated yet maddened him. Still, he must hold himself in check, must not lose a second; most of all, he must not let her know what he had learned. "Yes, it must be good-bye, after all, you see," he said tensely. "I'll be back soon; we'll have a talk then."

He made a snatch at dinner for looks' sake, and mounted beside the superintendent; while onlookers passed betwixt whether Alfred was a company employee or a "big bug with a pocketbook. Charley Crocker was trying to look."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Cloven Foot.

Stella shivered apprehensively when Phineas walked into the dining room a few days after Alfred's departure, and crowded past the diners to take the only vacant seat at her table. Travel had grown heavier, and Stella assisted regularly now with the noon waiting. She shrank at Phineas' loud, familiar greeting, helplessly resenting the inquiring looks of the other guests.

Phineas indorsed her fear by discharging a bomb that startled more than Stella. "California is sure of her transmontane railroad now! The San Francisco and Washoe Railroad company has been organized with ten millions of capital behind it; and ten millions more it will get from the government, besides a whopping big land grant. The road goes by Placerville. It has staked out the backing of the baby state of Nevada, and already begun business. Oh, we fellows ain't asleep over Placerville way, you bet not! We'll make those C. P. slubberdegullions cough up their bootheels yet!"

His loud words carried to all and silenced the room for a pregnant instant. Even the clatter of iron cutlery was suspended. When a subdued hum did begin, dismay was in each



"Go with Viola Here; She'll Show Ye—"

face and voice. The success of this new scheme meant failure for the Central Pacific company; and in that locality the Central Pacific railroad was mother to every enterprise, bread to every mouth.

As soon as she could, Stella wrote hastily to Alfred, telling him of the coming of Phineas and his astounding news. She asked Sally B. to hand the letter to the driver as a special commission and set out through the back door for a walk before lesson time, hoping to recover tranquillity.

She took the little path skirting a winter rivulet back of the town, and came soon to a clump of pines a little way up the sunny hillside. She was quite in view from the short street until hidden by a thicket of laurel and holly hugging close about the taller pines. Though a scant half-mile from the hotel the small nook was away from all paths and had proved a safe retreat.

To-day Stella's grateful solitude was short-lived. Quick steps had followed her; the twins parted and Phineas stood before her.

Stella's intuition was unerring, but her caution was untrained. She did not attempt to conceal her opinion of him. "Mr. Cadwallader!" she cried, starting up. "I thought you went away by the stage."

"I didn't, you see. I'm here instead." He bowed deferentially. "How could I go without a word with you, the belle of the village? Won't you sit down again?" He waved his hand toward the rock from which she had risen, but kept his place near the entrance.

"Thank you, Mr. Cadwallader. Please excuse me; I must hurry back." She took a step forward, but he did not offer to give her egress.

"What's your hurry, Miss Stella? You are a lovely dryad here at your shrine, and too free to say nothing of dryads, are pretty girls in my busy life. You surely won't be so cruel as to leave me without a word?"

His manner was as respectful as he could make it. Still, Stella knew he made conquests merely to brag of them. "It's time for Miss Viola's lessons, and I must go," she said with decision.

He did not move. "Vi's lessons don't begin till two; Sally B. said so. It's 1:15 now; time enough for a little talk, isn't there? I've something important to say to you." Phineas gazed at her boldly, expecting to see a flush of apprehensive color sweep her face. Her calmness only spurred him the more.

Stella's eyes were fixed on the opposite hillcrest, and she lifted her hand thoughtlessly to her hair while searching for an excuse to go that would be effective. The motion freed a handkerchief tucked in her belt, and it fluttered to the ground unseen by her.

Phineas furtively reached for it, examined it, noted the embroidered "Stella" in the corner and thrust it in his pocket. "Yes, look to your hair, California Berenice; it is quite brilliant enough to make stars of," he said impressively.

"Mr. Cadwallader, I cannot accept nor parry your extravagant compliments as a city girl would. Surely you can't be interested in the simple things I can say. Please let me go." Once again she moved as if to pass him.

"A beautiful woman doesn't need to say things to be interesting. You haven't asked what it is I wished to say."

"Did you expect me to ask?"

"Most girls would. That's where you are the more attractive. Sit down here and we'll talk it over. I'll make you comfortable." He reached for some of the overhanging boughs, intending to place them on the rock seat. The movement took him a pace from the opening.

"Really, Mr. Cadwallader, I'm sure you could tell me as well at the hotel. Good afternoon." She started toward the low, thorny opening.

He was after her with the spring of a cat. "No, you don't, my beauty! If you won't stay and talk, you shall give me a proper farewell."

The inequality of the ground availed him; and before she could divine his

intent, he was upon her. "You brass-mouthed sneek! I heard you kiss her, heard what you said. If you can't vent your spite on a man without stabbing a woman you'd better get into hoops or ride a donkey to—the hell you came from! If Miss Anthony's name passes your lips to any one, you'll get my bullet! Vamoose!"

In his thirty-odd years of varied life Phineas had beaten down many angry eyes with his dare-devil bravado; yet the blaze of Gideon's passion, boy though he was, tied the sneering



"I Thought You Went by the Stage."

tongue, confounded the bold eyes. Phineas turned away, speechless till he was safe outside the copse. From there he sent back a last hot shot. "I didn't know I was poaching on your preserves, you lujun dandy! I resign."

Gideon set his teeth. Body and brain, heart and soul, rebelled against his restraining will, yet he neither replied nor followed. A fighter born, Stella alone, and Stella in trouble, prevented him from giving Phineas the drubbing of his life. Gideon waited till the faint sound of footsteps proclaimed Phineas out of earshot before he picked up the handkerchief and turned to the strained face beside him.

"Poor little Star!" he said softly. "Don't cry, Moppet! He isn't worth one quarter of one of your tears."

"Oh, I know it, Gideon; but I'm so ashamed, so humiliated."

"The skunk!" Gideon's hands clenched till the knuckles were white. Abruptly he turned to Stella, grasping her arm with the hand that had rested tenderly on her shoulder. A quick flame leaped in his mystic eyes.

"Stella! You shall no longer be exposed to such insults! You must marry me, soon—now! You must—"

Stella's face grew quickly grave. "No, no, Gideon! I will never marry any man for protection. I'd not dare found a home when I'm so unprepared for its responsibilities. And—do you wish me to be a barkeeper's wife?"

Gideon started, stung by the scorn in her question, and released her arm. "But I'll do something else. I'll learn—any business you say. I know I can—for your sake I can."

Stella winced at the world of tenderness in his low words. "That's not done in a minute; and meantime—"

"Meantime," he interrupted excitedly, hopefully, "meantime we'll be engaged. We'll tell Sally B.—tell every body; and whoever dares make you unhappy shall feel that!" He held up his doubled fist.

Stella could not help feeling a woman's gratitude for the comfort and protection Gideon's loyal courage promised; yet she said nothing, looking down on the green breast of Nature, dumbly seeking some wise word from her bounty.

"Gideon!" she turned her eyes, still wet, to his. "Gideon, dear, you'd want your wife to love you, wouldn't you?"

"But you do love me—you've always loved me." His words were confident. He faced her, caught up her hands. "Oh, little Star, don't you remember that last night in the station? You put out your hands to me and said: 'Gideon, how can I love you?'"

Stella looked steadily at him, yet did not speak. Gideon was silenced by some strange thing that appeared in her eyes. She grew more and more remote. He saw her slipping from him. Though her hands were in his, her soul was saying farewell.

"Stella!" he cried imperiously, "you know you love me; you can't deny it."

"Yes, Gideon, I love you. I would do anything in my power for you; I think—I think I would risk my life for you, as you've more than once risked yours for me. Yet—yet—" She paused, looked up and smiled at him. Drawing one hand free she brushed a bit of lint from his sleeve, taking unnecessary time for it. She was feeling her way to safety, striving for mastery without a scene. "Yet, Gideon, I know there must be another kind of love, the kind you have for me. You are older than I am, dear. I recognize no change in my feeling for you. I guess I'm still a child, and you'll have to wait for me to grow up."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



ENDED IN CHILDISH TRAGEDY

Fate of Two Pickaninnies Who Went on a Cruise.

Afloat on the bounding wave—in a wash-tub—two pickaninnies went cruising Thursday, says the Houston Chronicle. They sailed until they were rescued, and with that event came a rainwater bath. White men pulled them to the shore to leave them gurgling in the arms of two black mamies.

There were no signals of distress flying as the two babies in a tub floated swiftly down White Oak bayou. The current was running like a mill race, but the tub was properly balanced for the ride.

As it emerged from the jungle into the ship channel the apparition in-

spired immediate action. Straightway into the brimming tide plunged man after man. They swam strongly for the tub and—tipped it over. Into the turbid stream fell a pair to draw to. With difficulty they were fished from the water, screaming lustily for their "ship," continuing like a derelict on down the stream.

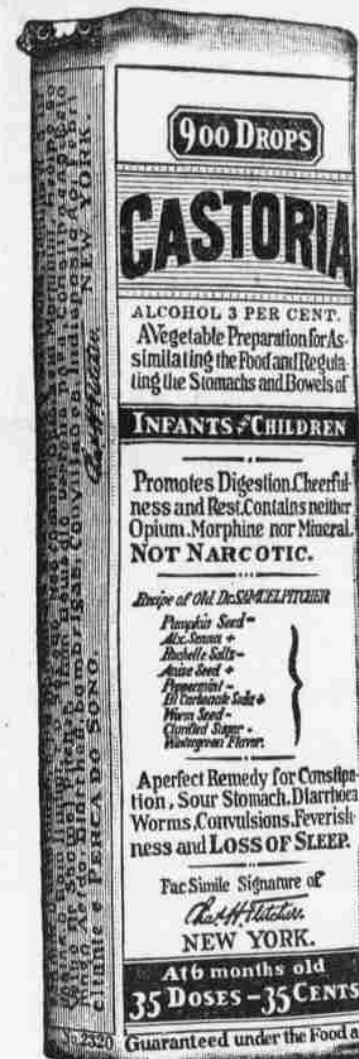
Meanwhile two buxom colored women, mothers of the black babies, had appeared. Gathering the drenched and crying pickaninnies in their arms they marched away to their cabins.

The cruise started in play about the water edge and ended in a woodshed, when, with wet clothes stretched tight, every spot stung fiercely and walls sounded over the inundated bayou dais.

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Plattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave A. Eisengraber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Buchannan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 N. 3RD ST., NEW YORK CITY.



Cholly—it's wonderful, 'ah Jove!

Riding without harness, telegraphing without wires, and all these things. Maude—Yes and thinking without brains.

BABY CRIED AND SCRATCHED

All the Time—Covered with Torturing Eczema—Doctor Said Sores Would Last for Years—Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"My baby niece was suffering from that terrible torture, eczema. It was all over her body but the worst was on her face and hands. She cried and scratched all the time and could not sleep night or day from the scratching. I had her under the doctor's care for a year and a half and she seemed to do her no good. I took her to the best doctor in the city and he said that she would have the sores until she was six years old. But if I had depended on the doctor my baby would have lost her mind and died from the want of aid. But I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and she was cured in three months. Alice L. Dowell, 4769 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., May 2 and 20, 1907."

None for Him.

"Well, what does the hat bill come to this summer?" inquired Mr. Juggins.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Juggins, producing the long paper. "My Merry Widow, Lottie's pink Merry Widow, Ella's green and Mamie's mauve Merry Widow—total \$99.90."

"Gee!" said Mr. Juggins. "Nearly a hundred! Well, with the ten cents remaining, I guess I'd better have my old straw done up again."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Cruel Kindness.

Aged Belle—You know, Mr. Seymour, I have always had the greatest horror of growing old.

Green Youth—But I hope, dear lady, that you have not found it as bad as you anticipated.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Rider cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The Contented Man.

The man who is thoroughly contented is likely to be a bore or a tramp.

An Unenthusiastic Host.

"Did you invite Mr. Billings to our house party?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "I'm afraid he considers house parties stupid. He sent his regrets."

"He shows sense. I have a mind to send him my congratulations."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Woman Owns Household.

The wife in Abyssinia always owns the house and contents.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 30c a bottle.

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours

need Allen's Foot-Powder. See at your Druggist's. Write A. S. Olinde, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.

It's sometimes easier to catch on than it is to let go.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.—Milton.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, BRUISED LIVER.

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Getting a full crop from a fertilizer without enough Potash, is like getting well by the doctor's prescription with its most important drug left out.

Commercial fertilizers need more Potash to get all the crop profit you are entitled to.

Mix 25 to 30 pounds of Muriate of Potash with 200 pounds of bone meal or phosphate. That will raise wheat! Set clover, too!

The profit will come next year in bigger crop, more profit. Potash is profit. Buy the Potash first.

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